

Si dent et ammi nobis

Then sawe I beaute with a nyce atyre
And thoughtfull of game and of Jolyte
foole hardines flaterynge and desyre
Maugree meede and other thre
There names shall nought be tolde for me
And vppon pilours grete of iasper long
I sawe a temple of bras I founded strong

Si dent et ammi nobis *Q* *I* *dent dent*
And aboute that temple daunce all way
women the whiche I noted what they were
fayr of them self and som of them were gay
In kyrtelles dessembled went they there
And that was there offyce there yere by yere
And vppon the temple of douuys fayre
Sawe I syteyng many a thousand payre

And befoze the temple dooze full soberly
Satte dame peas with a kerecherf in hyr hond
And by hyr syde wounder distretely
Dame paciens sitting thet I fonde
with face pale vppon an hylle of sonde
And all thre next with in and eke withoute
Be hest and art and other folke a grete rowte

which in the temple oftyn as hote as fire
Hard I som that goon aboue and renue
which sightis ware engendred with desire
And made euery auter for to byrnie
Of new flame and well aspyde I thenne
That all the causes of sorow that I drey
Compyth of the bytter god of Jalousy

The good god pryama sawe I as I went
In the temple / in souerayn place stond
In suche aray as whan the alle hym shent
With crye by nyght and with septor in honde
And ful besyly men gan assay and fond
Uppon his hed to set a sundre hew
Garlondis full fresch of leups new

And in apreycey corner as in dysport
Found I venus in her aray full ryght
That full noble and haute was of her aport
yet darke was the place and after wey light
Than saw I a lytill lyght les buneth it be myght.
And in a bed of gold she lay to rest
Tyll that the hote son gan goo to west

Her gilt here was as golde threde
Unboundyn ware her tresshis as she lay
And nakyd from the brest vnto the hed
That men myght her see all soth to say
The remenaunt couerd all well to my pay
Right with a ketchef all of balauce
For ther was no stronge cloth of defence

That place yaf a thousand sauors swete
And Vatus god of wyne lay there besyde
And seres next of deth hunger bete
And a middes I saw sit the countes rupide
To the which on knees the ponge folke ther cryed
To be ther helpe but thus I let them ly
And forther in the temple moze I gan aspy

